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The Old Schloss

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The Old Schloss

Then out on the turret we sallied

The Old Schloss

by

Margaret L. Corlies

The John C. Winston Company

Philadelphia

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The World

Though thy judgment be just,
or bitter or sweet—
This tribute I lay at thy
merciless feet.

Pictured by pupils of the Pennsylvania Museum
and School of Industrial Art

Color drawings

by Miss Ruth E. Newton

Line Drawings

by Miss Ruth E. Newton

Miss Anna Garrett

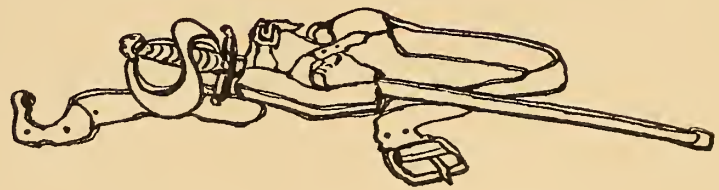
Mr. Arthur E. Bye

The Old Schloss, how fondly I love it!

How many times oft in a day,

As children, we climbed to its turret,

And no one to say to us nay!

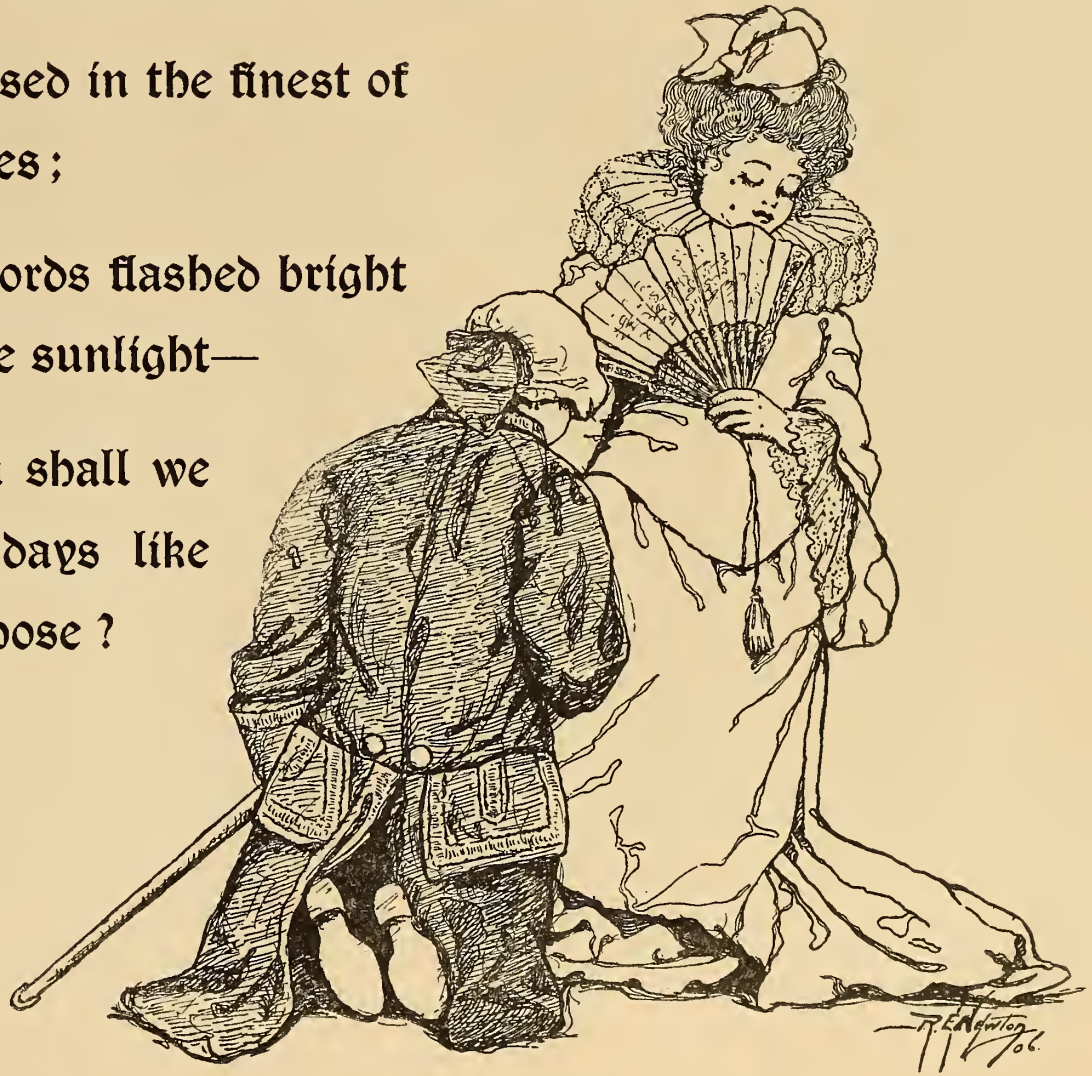


Grand dames we played with our messieurs;

We dressed in the finest of clothes;

While their swords flashed bright in the sunlight—

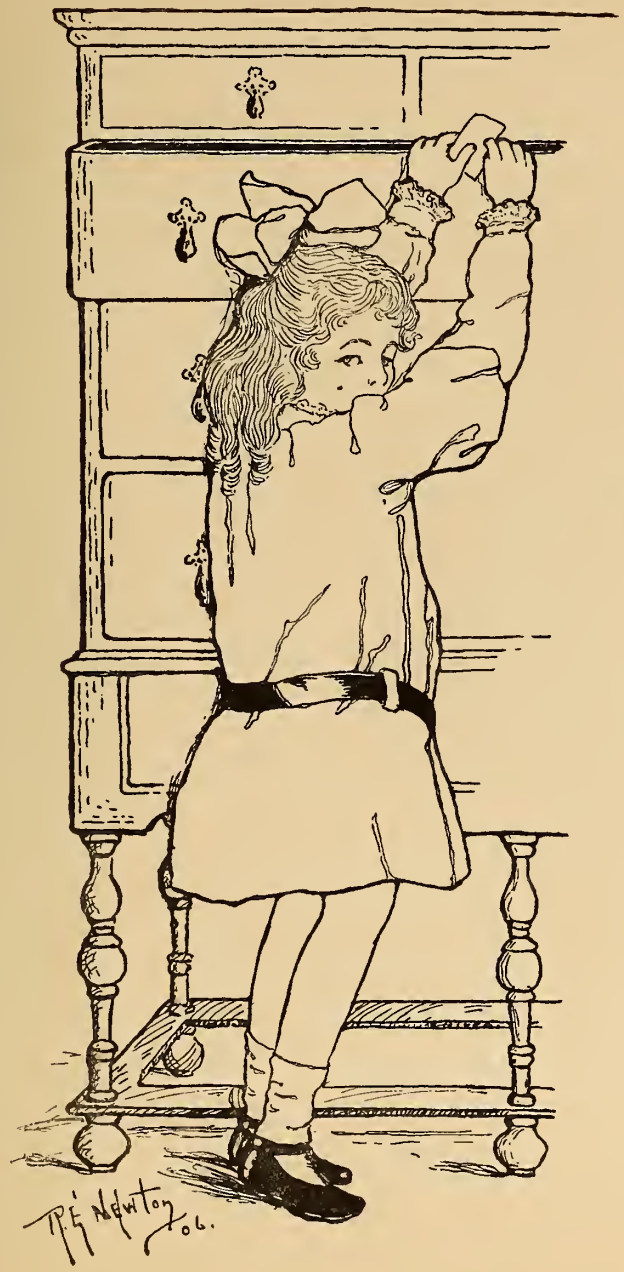
Oh, when shall we find days like those?



We danced and we bowed to each one

We laughed, and we cried, and we courtesied;
We danced, and we bowed to each one
As up and down the long chambers
We waltzed back and forth, just for fun!

No frown marred our innocent pleasures;
We always pretended to be
The greatest and best-born of ladies;
The noblest of royal degree.



We stole every sheet of court-plaster—

The black—

For you plainly will see,

That this was the color in fashion

Then worn by such ladies as we.

In all sorts of patterns we cut it—

In all sorts of patterns we cut it

In hearts and in stars and in bars,

And right near our dimples we placed them;

Though our fancy was really for stars.

They made us look more like the portraits

That hung on the walls of the Schloss,

For their faces were spotted with patches

Black patches all covered with gloss.

Then out on the turret we sallied

With fans, and with powder, and paint

Our messieurs in short velvet breeches

Oh, was not the spectacle quaint?

Young in years but so old in behavior,

Our manners were always the best;

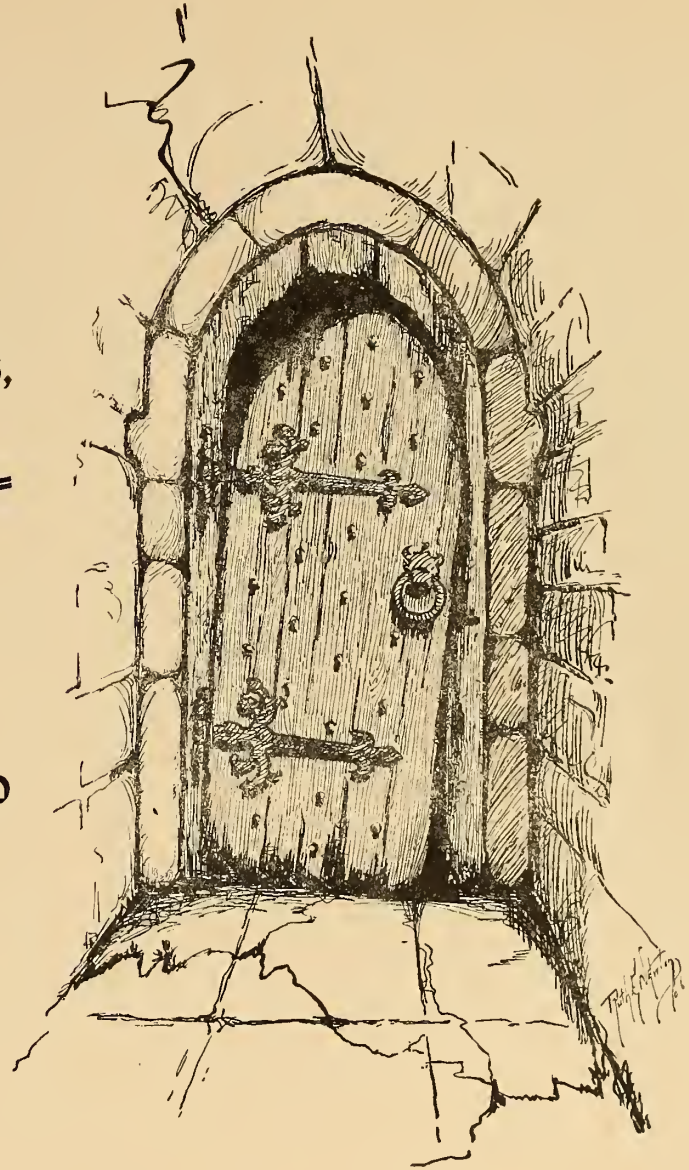
Our hair was done up in the fashion

And vied with the cut of our dress,

Ah, was not the old Schloss enchant=
ing?

How lovely the ivy that grew,

O'er all the gray stones and through
niches!



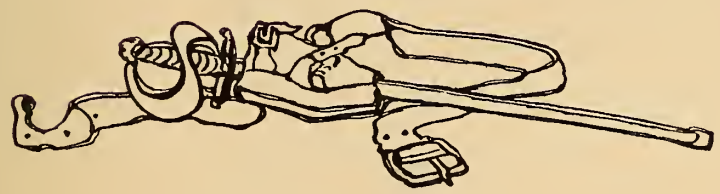
Sometimes it was covered with dew

Thus spoiling our long trailing dresses—

But this not a living soul knew,

For in the old oak chest we hid them,

When our masquerading was through—



For in the old oak chest we bid them

I oft have the deepest
of longings

For the old Schloss and
comrades so true;

The black ghost we never
did fancy,

But the white one we
all of us knew.

He was one of our loved
masqueraders;

He fooled us?

No never a mite,

But we screamed and looked
terribly frightened

Pretending to hold the
doors tight.

How often my memory lingers

On all of those joys passed away!

Dear Schloss, I could gaze on thee ever

Oh, why must thou fall to decay!

Thou did'st not seem old when as children

We climbed every one of thy stairs—

On the doors there were old,

broken hinges,

But nobody did the repairs.

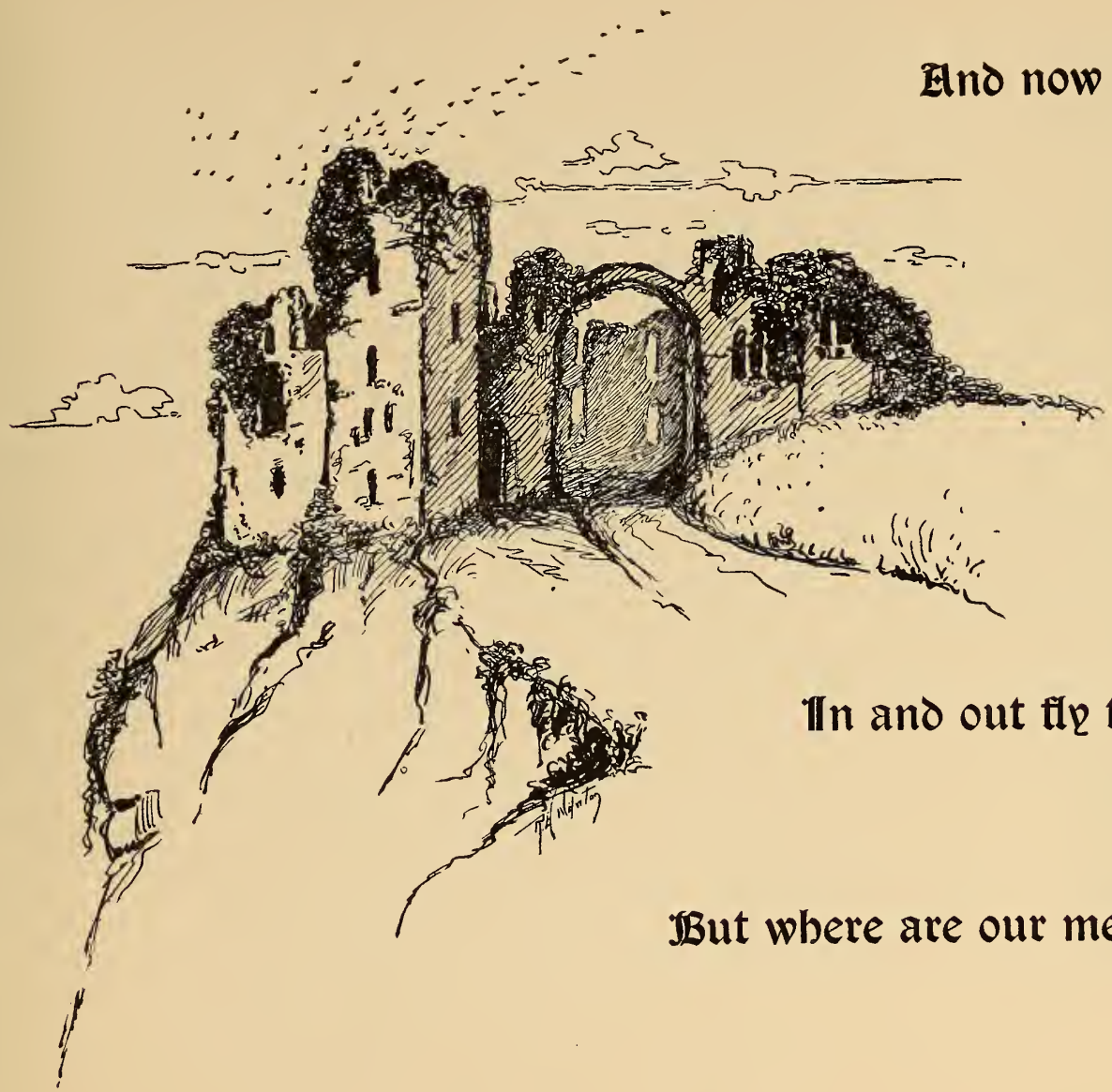
Dost thou long for

Those voices so merry—

The frolic, the joy, and

the fun?

I long for thee, more and more deeply
While musing at set of the sun;
Thou once seemed so strong and well builded,
Thine arches so gracefully spanned,
Those green little ivy=grown niches,
We thought thou wert perfectly planned.



And now thou art
falling to
pieces!
Each room to
the weather
exposed.
In and out fly the swallows
and robins,
But where are our messieurs,
the beaux?

In my childhood's sweetest
of memories

Enshrined in my heart
thou will be!

In that tower now gone
to destruction

Our voices oft rang out
in glee.

Once more do I see thee
and linger

On those scenes so fleeting
and bright!

Forever in memory thou livest

A vision of fondest delight!

Alas! dearest Schloss, I must
leave thee,

And hurry me home just

to find

If my heart or my mirror

speaks truly

Of years that are left

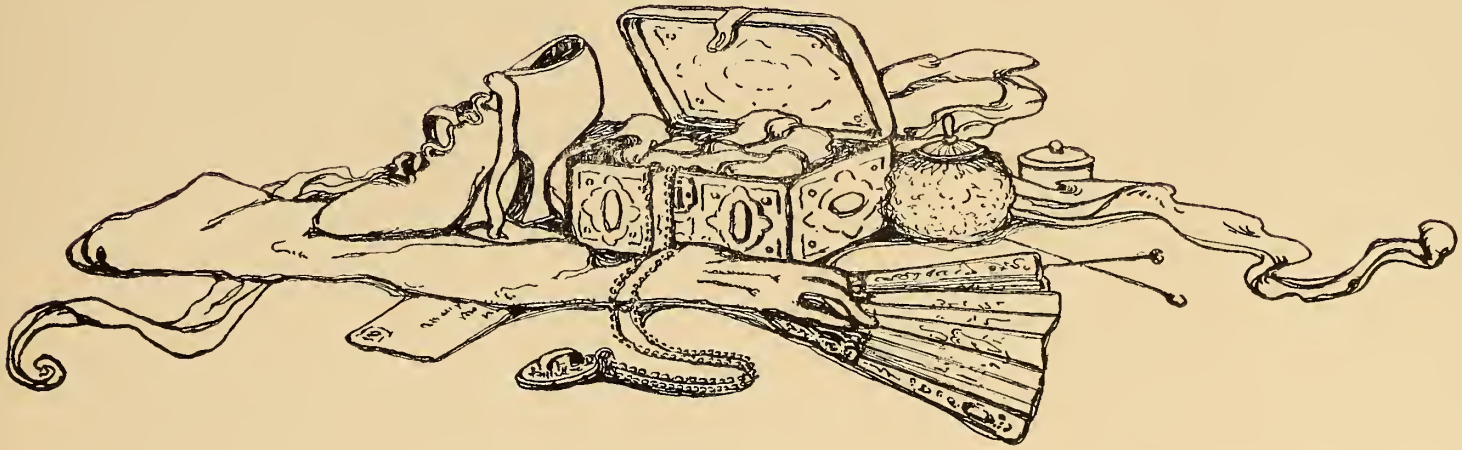
far behind.

True, gray hairs are telling their story,

And childhood forever is o'er.

But today, age and time are forgotten—

I am only a child, as of yore.



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